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# BABY'S ECZEMA

Top of Head Covered with Scales Which Peeled off Taking Hair with Them.

## CURED BY CUTICURA Now Six Years Old with Thick Hair and Clean Scalp. Cure Permanent.

"My baby was about six weeks old when the top of her head became covered with thick scales, which would peel and come off, taking the hair with it. It would soon form again and be as bad as before. I tried several things and then went to the doctor. He said it was Eczema, and prescribed an oint-ment, which did not do any good. A friend spoke of Cuticura Soap. I tried it and read on the wrapper about Cuticura Ointment as a remedy for Eczema. I bought a box and washed her head in warm water and Cuticura Soap and gently combed the scales off. They did not come back and her hair grew out fine and thick. She is now a year and a half old and has no trace of Eczema." MRS. C. W. BURGES, Iranistan Ave.,

Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 21, 1898. Mrs. Burges writes Feb. 28, 1903; "My baby, who had Eczema very badly on her head, as I told you before, after using the Cuticura Remedies was cured. She is now six years old and

has thick hair and a clean scalp."

lustant relief and refreshing sleep
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Call and see the new sleigh unners to attach to buggy.

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We close our store at 6 p. m. except Saturday.

#### RAPID

Photographic Manipulation for Newspaper Illustration.

Scientific American An example of how the latest apparatus for quick photographic maninlation can be used to advantage in a novel way was demonstrated 'ast summer by a representative of the Whispered Lucinda repentantly to her Newark Evening News. He was com missioned to be stationed on the revenue cutter "Gresham," to photo- thing I ain't got a sorrer." graph the international yacht race camera, a Kokak developing machine around the sunny kitchen putting bo the material necessary for develop-ing film negatives, and a number of

carrier pigeons. o'clock, a. m. Immediately after home in a Georgia village there were taking the picture he placed the de- many to predict that Lucinda would veloping machine, containing the de- spend most of her time "primping veloper, upon a table on the deck of the vessel, and in broad daylight d veloped and fixed the roll of exposed was the qualifications attending that film. This was completed in about ten minutes. The finished film negative was hurriedly dried, then rolled up in a small compass, and securely wired to a carrier pigeon under the tail, where it would in no way impede its flight. The pigeon was then released, and in exactly an hour and a half arrived at its loft in Newark,

The negative film was found upon it in good condition, and was at once removed forthwith to the newspaper office, where a print was made, and by 3:48 p. m. a half-tone cut was completed, by the usual half-tone process, placed on the press, and a few minutes later the paper appeared containing a picture of the morning's yachts races. It was quite a novel dea to utilize the carrier pigeon for transporting picture films for puroses of quick reproduction, and in ts way, is more positive than wireless telegraphy. We believe during the seige of Paris in 1870 letters reduced by photography down to extremely small size were transported by carrier pigeons to the outside world, and then enlarged by a "I HATE YOU!" SHE CRIED. "I HATE screen large enough to read. But that was prior to the days of rapid Logan, his first wife. Her tombstone photography or dry-plate or fil machine dallight deviopement.

Fashions For Women. The woman to whom each little detail in the care of clothes is important, appreciates the necessity of a good method of hanging skirts when not in use. The wooden stretchers for bodices are so well known that comment on their many good points weight to John Logan's constant re seems unnecessary. However, this cital of his dead partner's perfections. does not settle the question of skirt care very satisfactorily, because if of substantial material they drag so heavily on this support that the mark of the latter is often left to spoil the shape and in almost every case stretchs it deplorably. A patented voice a trifle shrilly John said slowly: skirt hanger obviates this difficulty and is among, the best of its kind. Extending down from the hook at hanger itself is about the shape of a thing in woman." corresponding height so that a perfect evenness of support is given, with no possibility of the greater weight at the back dragging it down into wrinkles or shapelessness. Bright musky summer evening, John not being adjusting to any size waistband from cold moonlight. twenty inches to thirty two.

teen inches long, the skirt hangers lied. are the same price, or two for 25 cents, and suit hangers including a place for a coat or bodice are 18 cents each or two for 30 cents. A set of six of the latter variety with closet rod included costs 90 cents.

An invention sure to interest tai- you listening?" lors and dressmakers, as well as their patrons, is a method of reproducing the individual form with scientific accuracy. The slightest peculiarities of figure, poise and height are faithfully carried out, in a replica which varies not a hair's breadth "No matter how patient I am, I kain's from the original. The time spent be as patient as she was nor so low in fitting and the annoyance of trying on garments is therefore saved the possessor of one of these forms which enables those living at a distance from their tailors or dressmak ers to order by mail or wire with as surance of as perfect a fit, as though they had tried on each garment the

usual number of times.

In this age hurry and bustle, the mmense saving of time and annoyance should make this invention in-valuable, not to speak of the addiprecluding the possibility of a gown's

destruction by bad fitting.

Descending to the humbler but use of a food chopper awaits com | and shuddered. raw or cooked, and also fruits and vegetables, into clean-cut, uniform da, "d'you know what you're sayin'?"

## HER RIVAL IN MARBLE

CLINTON DANGERFIELD

oven. "John an' me done been married six months now, an' 'cept for one

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She shut the door resolutely on the on August 25, 1903, the second day of pie, as though to inclose her secret care the race. He took with him a Kodak in the oven also, and then went deftly wifely touches here and there.

No prettier girl than Lucinda wa ever born in quiet little Greenville. She was so pretty indeed that when The yachts were photographed as John Logan, a widower of thirty-eight. they crossed the starting line at 11 married her and hore her away to his to win her husband's praise, and i

> praise that troubled her sorely Out in the daisied Lafavette cen tery slept all that was left of Martha



was almost a monument. Clearly cut on its chaste surface was the follow-Ing epitoph:

> MARTHA LOGAN. In Remembrance of Her Unexam-

Merely the word "cirtues" was crown of praise indeed. But "unex ampled" before it gave crushing No matter how daky Lucinda's picand biscuit, the utmost the could wit from John was a gentle-

"Nearly as good as Martha's, dear Jest keep on you'll get there." Once when Lucinda, provoked over some little thing, raised her sweet "Martha used to get fretted some

times, I guess, but she had a motto she kept pasted up on the wall. Took it from a play actor's book, but 'twas five short up-standing hooks: The good. Ran about like this: Her voice half-circle and the skirt slips over it And Lucinda had blushed searlet and until the circumference of the waist lowered bers. A hatred which she felt

band forces its arrestment. The fas- to be inexpressibly wicked swelled at tening at the back of the skirt is last in the girl's heart. Often when she then to be lifted over the hook at passed the cemetery on her way from the village store she felt an urgent desire to go in and defy the sleeper with scornful words. She put away the thought again and again, but at last it overcame her. One

galvanized wire which does not tar- due till late, she found herself standing nish or rust, is used, and it is self- beside Martha's stately tomb in the "I late you!" she cried. "I hate you on detestable woman!" The sound of her voice echoed

Closet rods upon which these are to through the pale little congregation of be hung, cost 15 cents, and are eigh- the dead and terrified her, but she ral-"Yes; I mean it! I want you to hear! I don't believe you are in beaven.

You're under that stone, putting idea in John's head every day!" "Ahem," said a voice dryly. "Why, Uncle Lemnel" gasped Lucin da, recognizing a village patriarch universally called by that name. "Was

"Don't have to do much listenin' when folks is shoutin' like you was,' returned Uncle Lemnel, still more dryly. Lucinda hung her pretty head, the

burst into a flood of tears. "She takes it all-all," she wailed. "No matter how patient I am, I kain't voiced nor such a e-e-e-cook."

Uncle Lemmel seated himself on a convenient corner of the tombstone, "'8 that so?" he remarked, with urious inflection in his voice, "Want kin tell you somethin' of her cook

"Be quiet," she said, hee'de herself Was she to hear Martha's praises even

"Her cakes," went on Uncle Lemnel untroubled "would have made ex'lent military fort'fleations; her ple crust e en more important d partment of wnz a cross between injer tubber un' k tohen furnishings, the practical gine an fer her biscults"- He paused

kinds of meat | "Un-cle Lem-nel,", stammered Lucin "Rockon so." returned Lemuel calm-

#### month. Took myself off arter that. She scolded from mornin' to night. She pecked on John till ef he hadn't been the kindest hearted feller in the world he'd 'a' beat her. 'Usexampled virtues,' indeed," chuckled the old man. "But why, then-why," gasped Lucinda, now on her feet and pointing

The old man chuckled again. "He done the whole thing on your

tragically to the elegant inscription-

why did be have that dedication wrote

"On mine-on mine"-"Jest so. He come to me an' he says. Uncle, he says. 'I'm goin' to marry the prettiest girl in the world, an' ef

"Was the orfulest cross a man ever stood. Sence you kept his house you've Dick had no finesse. Still, she wasn't made it like heaven to him. He tells sure that she liked a man with too me so every day. But it's time you should know the truth, Lucinda, I stance, see you're gettin' kinder angry at the trick, Lucinda, specially as you never | there entered the room at this moment did need no such guidance. But ef you'd 'a' known his former speriences.

Uncle Lemnel broke into a fit of laughter that rung scandalously clear through the graveyard. After a short pause Lucinda, among whose rare gifts was a sense of humor, joined him. It was 9 o'clock before John Logan came home. As he sat down to the laintiest of suppers and fell to, Lucindy, sitting opposite with dancing eyes and rose pink cheeks, asked smilingly

"How's your coffee, John?" "Best I"- he began. Then, true t his formula, he said kindly, "Nigh as good as Marthy's used to be."

"John," said Lucinda, with a sudder gravity, yet belied by her still dancing eyes, "John, I've sad news for you." Then, as he held his cup in midnir, she added mournfully, "Martha is dead!" The coffee cup went crashing on the oor as John sprang up. "Dead! What do you mean, Lucin da? You know she's been dead five

Years! Lucinda smiled serenely, "No, she hasn't, John, but she died this evening-there in the churchyard-

He was a floughtful citizen and kindly withat

The building upon which his eyewere fastened was in flames. From a third story window protrud ed a head. It was a disheveled head bearing a child's golden enris.

At home a little golden halred girwas awaiting him. What if that were his own? The impulse to tear his coat from his manly form and rush up the ladder to seize the child and bear her to safety

was strong upon him. How strong nobody but himself

For another feeling had come over He thought: "Suppose I should rust up to that window and save that child

The papers would be full of h. should become a hero. Some fireman would thus be cheated out of his ins meed of praise. Whatever I am I am not selfish and greedy. Let the other man have the glory. I shall sacrifice my personal interests and remain bumble citizen." Saying which wise and courageou

things within himself, he stood with out moving a muscle while a large and brawny fireman carried the little girl down a ladder and placed her in the arms of her frantic mother. Moral.-True heroism often exists i

en who are too modest to let the public even suspect it.-Baltimore Amerian important deal for the firm."

Two Ways of Seeing a Picture. An artist had sold a picture for a

exorbitant price, and the purchaser sued to recover. The barrister for the urchaser was making the artist unomfortable by his questions. "Now, sir," he said in that pleasant ngratiating manner of lawyers with a witness, "do you think anybody could ee beauty in that picture?" "Some persons certainly could," re

plied the artist. "You think the initiated in technical matters might have no difficulty in unlerstanding year work?" "I am sure they would not."

"Do you think you could make m ee any beauty in that picture?" this ost superciliously. "Probably not now, sir," and the art st was most humble, "but once !

ould have done so easily." "Now, sir, how is that? I don't unerstand you. Explain if you please," "That's quite easy, sir. I could have one it simply by employing you as my ounsel in this case." - London Tit-

A Maaless Island Colony On a small island in the Greek ar

hipelago there is a colony which is I think be mentioned the date of his reomposed entirely of women. It is a sort of religious order which considers t a discrace for one of its members to even look at a man. So when a dsher nan approaches the island the women oull the gray cowls of their cassocks over their heads and turn their backs. women raise their own products, being strict vegetarians. Only the matron. who is annually elected head of the colony, is ever allowed to leave the island. The others remain on the island all their fives, taking their turn at tilling the soil, washing, housekeeping and of weeks. Then, seeing the little leap

### DICK'S PROMOTER By BELLE MANIATES

Cynthin sat before the flickering firelight in the library after Dick had gone, gazing ruefully at the ringless third finger of her left hand, which might have been diamond bedecked if she only could have-but, no, she couldn't. She liked Dick, He was so be she don't make a good wife 'twill ' generous, good looking and danced so break my heart. I laid awake for well. If he were only not so tame weeks, God knows," he says, "thinkin" She had known, of course, that ultihow to guide her right. I knin't hee mately his attentions would culminate for a woman, in so, he says. 'I'm in a proposal, but she didn't think it

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goin' to let Ma thy do me one good turn. I'm goin' to let her be a shinin' it was so like Dick to call at such ensample of the way Lucinda shall an absurdly early bour and blurt it right out without any preface and then to leave immediately without replying to her kind little offer of friendshi much-like her Uncle Henry, for In-

> As if in obedience to her thoughts her uncle, Henry Ormsby, a bachelor clubman of some thirty and odd years. "What, Cynthia! And no Dick?" "Dick has come and gone,"

"Dick usually comes and stays." "I know it," she sighed; "but, you see, he came once too often."

"And that is why he did not stay?" "Yes, and it's just as well. Dicks are "Not this Dick. He's quite a favorite

brows, "Oh, the girls like him be cuse he is agreeable, but none of them is very enthusiastic over him!" "That," replied her uncle, "is because they are used to him and have grown up in the same town with him. Then you know this is such an old shioned place - all paired off steadies. Dick has been yours for so long that none of your girl friends

new man in a new place and he would be the lion of the town." "He's such a stay at home: he'll

would think of showing or receiving at-

tention from him; but let Dick be a

never go anywhere," said Cynthia petulantly "I think he'll have to go soon, be

cuse the junior partner of the firm

A NOTE IN DICK'S CHIROGRAPHY. Dick is connected with is quite a friend of mine, and he told me only this wening that Dick was a very promising young business fellow, and he seriassly contemplated sending him out on

Thereupon Uncle Henry took his departure, leaving his young niece to her The next morning her heart fluttered for the first time at the sight of a note in Dick's chirography. She read: Dear Cynthin-I find I have to leave very unexpectedly for Denver on a busi-

ness trip. Please accept my apologies for my hasty speech and departure last night

I fenr I am not a good leaer. Believe me always, as you wished, your friend, Again were Cynthia's feelings min gled and conflicting. He had followed her wishes and become her friend, but the note was most unsatisfactory. He had given her no Denver address nor any niea of the length of his absence. However, possibly she might be able to draw that information from her uncle

without his suspecting. She telephoned him the following day and asked him to call that evening. He complied with her request as to ative mood.

mote from Dick. He was just off for "Yes; we will all miss him at the "I suppose he will not be away long

"By the way," she finally said, "I had

ura, but I don't recall it." "Why, did he?" exclaimed her uncle a surprise. "Courtney told me his length of absence was very uncertain I mave Dick a letter to the Darnleys. ty-three, London Exchange. friends of mine. Ellen Darnley is quit a society leader. I wrote her person

Uncle Henry proceeded to expatiate on Ellen Darnley's charms until Cyn- works of an Englishwoman of busy this decided mentally that all men Durnley was to be married in a comple of relief in Conthia's countenance, he

offset it by the remark that there would be "heaps of doings" and Dick would be strictly in it. In two or three days Cynthia received

a Denver paper addressed to her in Dick's handwriting. Under society notes she read of a dinner dance Dick's name was among the list of guests. He had transgressed the Unit ed States postal rules by writing his address on the margin of the paper. In a day or two her uncle dropped in

"I had a letter from Dick today," he announced. "He was very modest and only said how kind my friends were in introducing and enter a ring him But I received a letter 'cont Ellen Darnley lauding him to the skies and saying that had she been heart whole and fancy free she didn't know what might have happened."

He left Cynthia a prey to jealousy remorse and regret. She wrote Diel that night telling him how glad she was to hear he was having so gay a time and how he must dread the thought of a return home.

His reply was triendly and gave details of the good times he was having. Tomorrow night," he concluded, "is Miss Darnley's wedding, at which officiate as one of the ushers. The bridesmaid whom I am to fall in line with after the ceremony has eyes like that picture of Evangeline you are so fond of. I wish you could see her."

Cynthia threw the letter in the fire. The next time Henry Ormsby called e brought a paper from his pocket. "I want to read you about Ellen's wedding," he sald, "Dick is given special mention as a cultured young map from the cast."

"I am sick of the sound of Ellen Darnley's name, and Dick's, too!" cried Cynthia, forgetting Uncle Henry's

"I know," be said sympathetically, "It is a bore to hear of people you have "Dick is?" she asked, with elevated never met." And he discreetly turned the conversation into other channels. Two days later Dick was shown into the library where Cynthia was sitting before the fire as he had seen her last. Her cheeks flushed at his sudden appearance. "Why." she exclaimed, "did you ex-

> pect to return so soon?" "No." he replied. "They telegraphed me last night." He forebore to say to whom "they" referred, but Cynthia naturally inferred

that it was the firm. Later that even-

ing Dick met Uncle Henry at the club-"Say, Ormsby," he said joyously, "it's all right." "Why, my dear boy, when you are as old as I you will know that nothing

"You got Courtney to send "And the letters and Ellen Darnley's wedding did the rest. I saw the fruit was ripe, and I telegraphed you to

succeeds like success. I told you I'd

come and pluck it." An Effective Prescription. Uncle Rustus had never enjoyed a medical education or spent much tim in the study of diseases or remedies Nevertheless he was often consulted by the neighborhood in times of stress.

"I cert'nly don' know what I'm gwine to do 'bout dese staggering head-aches my wife has," sald Mr. Orlando Clay Jefferson gloomily to Uncle Ras tus in the seclusion of the tiny room known as "the doctoring parlor." "Dey keep increasing an' magnifying as time goes along. Seems as if I couldn't gib her a good preachment bout de food or de house or any ob her neglects widout her getting one ob dose staggering aches in her head. None ob my fust two wives had such works."

Uncle Rastus bent a keen glance from mder his bushy eyebrows at the cross old face before him, but he offered no

"Halm't you got some kind oh nills dat'll stop dose staggering headaches dat keep her from de cook stove?" demanded Mr. Jefferson impatiently. "No. sah," said Uncle Rastus in pressively; "dere's no such pills in de market. But de bes' way to stop her staggering headaches would be to fasten down your mouf wid a big. wide piece ob sticking plaster, Mist' Jefferson. I'm puppared to put it on.

Famous Blind Man.

The name of John Metcalfe of

displayed a high spirited courage. He

was a true sportsman, a fine swimme

and a hard rider to bounds. It was h

solitary walk from London to Harro-

gate by a way unknown to him that

ing. The roads in those days were

things when he was fifty years old.

In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire and

Derbyshire most of the principal roads

were made by him. He built bridges

and leveled rough places. Some of

the plans were made for him by others,

ut usually be designed them blmgelf,

ed he did his own succeping. He

climbed mountains, trudged along on

the edges of precipices, he crossed

swamps and morasses, waded through

boys and forded rivers, relying wholly

and solely on the long staff that was

forever in his hand. It's died in har-

many honors, at the great age of nine-

Drink and a Man.

This little versa founded on a Japa

ese proverb, has been called from the

Then the drink takes the men!

Let us presented think
What the man to be a drink;
First the men to be a drink;

ness, full of years and laden with

Knaresborough, England, engineer and roadmaker, is in these feverish times in danger of tapsing into undeserved oblivion. John Metcalfe was blind from the age of six years until be died. Yet as a boy and man he invariably first turned his attention to roadmakvery bad. He obtained authority from A Sleep Destroyer, parliament to improve this state of

don't sleep three hours," "That so! I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now about two years. The doctor calls it neuris inse

"I've had it about eighteen months and we call it Ethel."-Schoolmaster.

Dick No. I bute it; that's the reason I pretend to like it. If my mother

thought I didn't like to read she'd keep me at it all the time. - Boston Transcript. Matrimonial.

Times-Democrat.

ANTHONY WAYNE. The Revolutio. ser flero Was a Sol-

Wayne was one of the leading spirits of the American Revolution. He served throughout the war, most of the time with the rank of general. What he was as a boy will interest readers, and this they may learn from his biography, written by Mr. John R. Spear,

When he was about fifteen years old Wayne was attending a school taught by his uncle, Gilbert (or Gabriel) Wayne, and this uncle, exasperated at the boy's conduct, wrote the following letter to Anthony's father, Isaac Wayne: "I really expect that parental affection blinds you and that you have mistaken your 'son's capacity. What he may be best qualified for I know not. One thing I am certain of-be will nev-

er make a scholar. He may perhaps make a soldier. He has already distracted the brains of two-thirds of the boys under my charge by rehearsals of battles, sieges, etc. "They exhibit more the appearan of Indians and harlequins than of students-this one decorated with a cap of many colors others habited in coats as variegated, like Joseph's of old: some laid up with broken heads and

the boys employed in throwing up re-"I must be caudid with you. Brother Isaac. Unless Anthony pays more attention to his books I shall be under the painful necessity of dismissing him from the school."

black eyes. Puring noon, in place of

the usual games of amusement, he has

#### BEFORE THE BREAK. When Patience is Hard For the

We are all familiar with the impatience which comes naturally with age and failing health, the intolerance of little hindrances, the inconsequence in argument, the petulance in comment which are the first signs of senility. But there is another kind of impatience which has a wholly different meaning. It comes to the high spirited, strenuous

man when he feels the hand of age on an give to its owner. A man whose soul is centered on a great ideal to which his life's work has been given chafes at the thought that he must be taken before seeing its realization. A man, again, of flery energy whose days have been spent in conflicts may redonble his efforts at the prospect of their essation and show an almost bysterleal vitality in his closing years. a commonplace of literature. The men toleration for petty triumphs, the most abiding sense of the smallness of their

doings and the magnitude of their task. That line of "In Memoriam" which was one of the last utterances of Rhodes ("So little done, so much to to!") is a cry on the lips of all who fix their eyes on a far horizon. Haste to justify themselves, either to make practical some idea or to walk a little farther on the road, is the last infirmity of the strongest and best.-Spectator.

The trite phrase "catching a Tartar" is thus traced to its origin in an old evelopedia: "In some battle between the Rus sians and the Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out; 'Captain, halloo, there! I've caught a Tartar!"

Catching a Tartar.

'Fetch him along, then,' said the captain. 'Aye, but he won't let me!' replied the man. The fact was that the Tartar had caught him." Grose gives practically the same story in his "Classical Dictionary of the Volene Tonene " 1785 but credits the misadventure to an trish soldier of the imperial Austrian service in a battle

against the Turks. The closing scene he varies thus; "Bring him along" said his comrade, "He won't come," said Paddy. "Then come along yourself," replied the other. "Arrah," said he, "but he

won't let me!" Struggle and Strength.

Strength comes only through struggle-through struggle and earnest work never through a frantic beating igainst the bars nor through self pity. Ill health is a prison of your own building, a prison wherein you are locked by your own thoughtlessness and lack of self control. Circumstances have something to do with it, and you may have inherited a tenden cy toward disease. In that case circum dances must be altered and inherited weakness outgrown. Both can be done. Earnest thinking and thoughtful work will move mountains - Maxwell's Tal-

"Are you ever troubled with insom nia sleeplessness? "I should say I am. Some nights I

paralaxitis."

Bob- Are you fond of reading, Dick?

There is no doubt that the woman who loves you forgives you too much, while the woman whom you love for gives you too little.-New Orleans

A man in earnest finds means or, if he cannot find, creates them.-Chan-